PEARLS AS ROUGH GEMS. Treasured by the Monarchs of All Nat ons

and Ages. History will convince the most skeptical that pearls are truly royal gems. They have not alone been favorites with some of the most famous rulers of all countries, but have also played an important part in religious affairs. In Indian mythology their discovery is attributed to Vishnu, who is said to have presented an enormous number of them to his daughter, Pandai, as a wedding present. All the Indian deities are represented as adorned with pearls. The arched roof of the marvelous throne of the Great Mogul, described by Taverdier, was ornamented with diamonds and pearls, and was fringed

with strings of pearls. In China the reigning monarchs wore pearls as emblems of their rank from the remotest times, there being definite information on the subject antedating the Christian era. The frequent mention of pearls in Chinese history and their universal use in the ornamentation of Chinese idols are indisputable proofs of the honor in which these gems were held in that country from the earliest times. To this day the emperor wears in his cap three golden dragons embroidered and crowned with pearls.

In Persia pearls were at one time more highly prized than gold. All the early queens of Persia are represented as wearing earrings of three pearls of graduated sizes, the largest of the three being at the bottom of the ornament. The portraits of the Sassanian kings show a large pearl pendant from the right ear, while the kings of the Medes and Persians were bracelets and necklaces of pearls. To this day it is customary in Persia to shower pearls on the head of the monarch as a part of the ceremony of his coronation.

The priests and dignitaries of Babylon, the Jewish patriarchs and priests. the Egyptian kings and queens, the wealthier men and women of Byzantium, Pompeii and Rome, and the kings and nobles of ancient Europe all wore and highly prized these gems of the sea, and in modern times there is not a queen in Europe who does not own valuable and beautiful pearl jewelry. Grecian men of rank, like the Sassanian kings, wore a single pearl in the right ear. The pearls which Cleopatra wore in her ears were among the most beautiful the world has ever known, and the dissolving of one of them in vinegar at a feast given Marc Antony is a matter of hisset out with emeralds and pearls bestowed in rows and ranks" all over her dress. Nero liberally distributed pearls among his favorites, and at one time the craze for these gems in Rome was so great that sumptuary laws were enacted to restrain all except the privileged classes from wasting their substance in the purchase of gems out of all proportion to their wealth. The last of these sumptuary laws was passed during the reign of Emperor Leo, 460 A. D. The crowns and diadems of the Byzantine emperors were profusely ornamented with pearls, and the German crown, which dates from the time of Charlemagne, is ornamented with numerous pearls strung on a golden wire, and around it is the inscription in pearls: "Chonradus Dei Gratia Romanorum Imperator Augustus." Sumptuary laws ward enacted in Germany and France.

When Henry VIII. met his bride, Anne of Cleves, he wore a collar of pearls, and the buttons of his coat were large oriental pearls. Anne of Cleves wore a wedding gown embroidered with large flowers in pearls. Queen Elizabeth was passionately fond of jewelry. and especially of pearls. One of the most famous of her jewels was a parure of pearls purchased from the unfortunate Mary, queen of Scots, at a much lower price than its real value. It is fore the sound of a step reached him said that some of her more ambitious courtiers absolutely impoverished themselves to curry favor with their sovereign by presenting to her fine jewelry. Elizabeth, queen of Roumania, is one

of the present sovereigns of Europe who favor pearl jewelry. She is a remarkably intellectual woman, the production of whose pen, over the name Carmen Sylva, have a place in modern literature. Her accomplishments and know that you run the risk of killing good taste, supplemented by her personal attractiveness, render her a personage whose good opinion strengthens admiration for whatever she approves. An engraving from a recent photograph of this amiable queen shows her favorite necklace of with the same gems. Her style of beauty is peculiarly adapted to this sort of ornamentation, and her modest and by lovers of the rare and beautiful need no indorsement from modern royalty, their good name is in nowise impaired by the approval of a person of the rank and influence of Roumania's queen.

Something concerning the size and history of a few of the most famous pearls is not out of place in this connection. There is no definite information concerning the size of the pearls of Cleopatra, one of which was dissolved for Antony. The other was sawed in half by order of King Agrippa and was made into earrings for the statue of the goddess Venus. Lolla Paulina's pearls were worth two million dollars; the Pliny pearl weighed three hundred and twenty grains; the pearl which was worn in the ear of each of the Sassanian kings was a large one, but its weight is unknown. It was thrown into a deep pit by the last of the line when lured to his death by the Huns and was never recovered from its

-She-"I suppose now that you have graduated you are an A. B., aren you, Mr. Crimson?" He-"Well, to tell you the truth, Miss Annex, I-umwould prefer leaving off the B., and I thought—ahem—you, perhaps, could help me get rid of it."—Boston Beacon.

-Live frogs are swallowed by John of one dollar he will demonstrate his ability to take an active frog into his have implied that she had been very far stomach as often as three times a day. frem violating one of its high and ex- remember-" He seems to thrive upon them. Stowe's tremely mystic laws. age is forty-two, and he is married.

A ROMANCE TWO BROTHERS.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT. AUTHOR OF "THE CONFESSIONS OF CLAUD," "AN AMBITIOUS WOMAN," "THE EVIL THAT MEN DO," "A NEW YORK FAMILY," ETC.

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CHAPTER IL.-CONTINUED. But his brain, at present thoroughly clear, saw the futility of attempting either accusation or remonstrance. The will-to-live was strong in him. If such peril menaced speech, he would strive to preserve silence. By a gesture and a meaning movement of the features he showed Dr. Thorndyke that he would impose no further search. Resolving to live on through the preservation of silience, he suffered for the next three days untold tortures. Mentally he was vitality itself; physically he was almost complete failure of fiber and nerve. Georgina would come into his room and perform the offices of nurse with careful exactitude. Now and then she

brought the boys in to stand at his bedside and let him clasp their hands. Sylvan would be very gentle and demure; Gerald would sometimes press his warm, plump cheek against the chill and thin paternal hand, and show with trembling lips and tearful eyes the depths of his pity and regret. Dr. Thorndyke would drop in twice a day, always ordering continued silence by the elevation of his forefinger, and always uttering, as well, words of sympathy mixed with cheer. Meanwhile Maynard still suffered beyond words, and at last, one evening, he determined to suffer no longer in just this same horrible way. He might be called upon to endure fresh miseries, but at least they would be of a new and less ghastly kind. His wife had left him; the candles were lit in his small bedchamber; he was quite alone; it would be only a step to his laboratory. He felt much stronger than at any time since his wakening to consciousness.

After slowly quitting his bed and standing erect on the floor, he felt better still. A dressing-gown lay on a near chair, and he hastily ensheathed his form in its folds. The room was cold, and he longed for slippers yet could find none. Soon ceasing the quest for them, he glided into the outer hall, carrying with him a box of wax- elad his breast, he demanded, with a tapers which he had snatched exultant-

ly from the mantel. To gain his dark laboratory was but the work of a minute. To light its helped him back to his room and bed, gloom took even less time. There he was, girt by the old scene of his toil which he had clad himself. He did not and vearning. With gaze that shot from corner to corner of the wellknown room, he sought for his lost lasted nearly an hour) he lay quite moflask. Nowhere! He scented, like some tionless, with eyes that wore the vaheavy and repulsive smell, the treach- cancy of coma. But the instant Thorntory. Lollia Paulina, wife of the Em- ery of his wife. Soon he gave up search- dyke appeared he turned, grasping the peror Caligula of Rome, is represented ing. What if at any moment some new vigorous and familiar hand of his by Pliny as having been "bedecked and | illness gripped him? And there was his | friend. of old. To write out the full recipe of said, with the sudden flash of a forlorn no means be penniless; the law was an cases is a problem society has not yet that incomparable drug would not take smile. "I've only a short time to live.

and began to write. This was a mes- send her from the room." He glanced sage-perhaps a dying message-to his toward his wife, who stood at Thornson, his eldest boy, Sylvan. He knew dyke's elbow. "She's been my cursejust how to frame the whole formula; my murderess." he had thought it all out while prone there in his speechless torture. What a fine steadiness his hand had! How his together.' pen darted along the paper! After all, was he so ill as Ross Thorndyke had thought? Two pages already-four, went out of the room with her, but soon five, six; why, in a little while every came back. thing would be told. And such a vengeance on his thieving wife, who had on talking. He told the young doctor a dared to call this wondrous rape from great deal, and finally placed in his the locked vaults of science an insult to hands the letter and manuscript for Omnipotence! "Never mind," he kept Sylvan. If he failed to state what was saying to himself, "if I do fail to recover the contents of the envelope, this omissimilar to those in Rome were after- the drug. Sylvan will get this. I'll sion sprang entirely from his growing make Ross Thorndyke swear he'll give bodily distress, which defied Thornit him when he's five-and-twenty. And dyke's appeasing efforts. I'll put a letter inside it, too-if my strength holds out, if I don't die here said, "you really must not speak again. before I can fully bequeath to my eldest | It is suicide, and-"

boy this peerless prize. He did put a short letter inside the from the outer hall. It was his wife's: he recognized it. Rising, he quietly fronted her as she entered the room, with his face like chalk and his big gray eves full of scorn and wrath.

CHAPTER III. She gave a great start when she saw him. "How could you be as mad as this?" she exclaimed. "Don't you

"I run the risk of being killed by you," he said, with a voice bleak in itself yet sounding all the stranger be-

cause of those days of dumbness. "By me!" she broke out shrilly. "What do you mean? But you mustn't pearls and a head-dress ornamented answer-you mustn't speak, you must only go straight back to your bed."

"I will speak a little," he replied. "I will say this much, Georgina: that I berefined tastes are manifest in her dress | lieve you've come in here while I was as well as in her jewels. While gems | ill and stolen a certain flask. It's that so long held in the highest estimation | I've been searching for. Render it up to me if you have it."

She changed color a little, and said coldly: "I don't at all understand you." "Oh, yes, you do. Come, now; give me the flask. You dare not deny that you have taken it. Nobody would have done so except yourself."

Her lip eurled and she grew paler. 'This is so senseless of you," she muttered. "How could I possibly know there was any flask that contained your

"Ah!" he cried, "have I ever referred to the clixir? There spoke your own guilty conscience!" His anger made him look like some vengeful ghost. He raised one clenched hand. "You heard Think: To call me your murderess-me. me talk in my delirium about that flask!" he went on, "or else you had spied on me during those days I worked | deserve it! If-if you should go before o hard, after I had been fool enough to you had the chance of saying not you let you learn my secret. You don't want to have my death on your soul? No? Then get me the flask. Do not sort of icy hoarseness in his tone. "You well and a few buckets of coal from lose a moment-get it!" He went up robbed me, and your theft will cause down-stairs. to her and grasped her wrist as he my death. The law may not call it Boy-And then, ma'am, I suppose ended. He was greatly incensed against | murder, but justice calls it so." her, and yet any personal roughness Maynard, while thus speaking, ha would have been impossible to such a raised himself quite high on the pillows man as he. That grasp of her wrist. As he ceased, his wife caught his hand and, perhaps, the sternness of accusa- between both her own. Thorndyke tion in his enkindled eyes as well, strove to push her back with one arm. caused her to sink at his feet. He had while he shot the other beneath the made her afraid of him, and possibly he sick man's head as it swerved sideways had stirred her conscience also. She with abrupt inertia. But Georgina was a woman with an immensity of would not be pushed back. A fierce Stowe, of Shelton, Conn. For a wager conscience, though the tremulous words cry left her lips, and she dashed forthat she now addressed to him would | ward, with the exclamation:

stammered, there on her knees before him. "I-I did hear you rave about it husband's death. when you were out of your mind with fever. For that reason I-I came here into this room-and found it."

"Found it!" he faltered, with both hands limply falling at his sides. "You mean that you-

"Destroyed it, Egbert? Yes; I did destroy it." She rose and looked into his glassy eyes as though fearful that dwelling not far from that parsonage murder might be ambushed there.

"You-destroyed-it!" he gasped, receding from her. In an instant she saw | said of her that she had grown sour and that there was no danger of personal hard, though it was true that her reliassault, and as he sank, breathing heavily, into a chair, she went close to his

any thing like that was a crime-a dreadful crime against God. He is allmerciful to us; if it had been His will that we should live an instant longer than we do naturally live. He would have given us His holy sanction. Only evil could have come of your discovery. which I believe your intellect quite able to have achieved. But Egbert, it was for your own good-for the sake of your salvation after death-for-

The voice died in her throat. Her husband's eyes had closed, giving him literally the look of a corpse. "Get me sunshine with the dark realization that



HE GRASPED HER BY THE HAND.

this frightful weakness, and this sense of-" he tried to pronounce the word "suffocation." and failed; yet in a few more seconds, and while both hands were pulling at the woolen stuff which good deal of vocal clearness, that Dr. Thorndyke should be summoned. After his wife and a servant had together he insisted on retaining the gown in speak again until Ross Thorndyke arrived, and through that interval (which

He seated himself before the desk, if you can. But while you're with me

"Egbert!" reproved Thorndyke. "It's true, Ross. Make her leave us

Thorndyke turned to Georgina, who had begun to tremble and weep. He

Ill as he was, Maynard now insisted

"My dear Egbert," the latter at length

"If it is." broke in the suffering man, with despair, born of courage, "I can't larger document. Then, lighting on an last the night through, and you know envelope of more than common size, he it, Ross. Ah, if there only were a package thus made into a pocket of his But it would need three days, at the cigarettes which he bought largely in land matters are still worse. Lord gown. Scarcely had he done this be- very least, and those of almost constant watching."

Just as his voice died away into a hollow moan Georgina slipped within the room. Her hands were clasped like a suppliant's as she glided up to her husband's bed-side. "Oh, Egbert," she quiveringly said,

forgive me! "Forgive you?" he echoed, with a sneer. "Thief and assassin!" She shrank backward an instant, but

then rallied and reapproached the bed. "I believed I was doing right in the eye of God-I believe it still; I can't



help believing it. But at the same time your accusation is so horrible. the mother of your children! Ah, take back this awful charge, Egbert! I don't but your anger spoke, why, then-"Both spoke," he returned, with a

Maynard, while thus speaking, had

"Do have mercy on me, Egbert! Do But there she paused. The pillow, knuckle."-Puak.

"I_I can't give you that flask," she the bed clothes, had become with horrid suddenness one scarlet witness of her

And after that death Georgina May-

nard was never again the same woman. She had been left just enough money to live in fair ease with her two beys, while at the same time faithfully effecting their education. When the bovs were a little older she removed with them into the country and took up her of her dead father where Maynard had first met her and won her love. Folk gious devotions became perfervid with the fresh lapse of years. As a fact, nearly all her cold curtness of manner was an "Egbert, I thought your trying to do outgrowth of that mental fret wrought by remorse; for though the smart of a burn may rouse in us temporary forces of endurance, what if no lotion should ever dull its pangs, and the nerve centers where lurk our sociality and amiability should in consequence turn as unfit for their office as the slackened cords of violins? It was this dreary state of living that caused Mrs. Maynard to be thought the grimmest and harshest woman in her quiet native English village. She could never refrain from shutting out all her spiritual she had dealt her husband his death. Not that she was ever able to believe her act in destroying the flask a really wrong one. Still, its results (as she gloomily accounted them) had proved appalling, and for years a ceaseless battle was waged between her shuddering conscience and the self-justifying dicta of her sectarian faith. It was a battle in which neither side ever gained a victory; her soul was the field in which it continued to be fought. Under its long series of cruel shocks her health at last succumbed. She died almost friendless, and with her two sons, now youths who verged on manhood, standing tearless though reverent while her grave was closed in the placid little English church-yard where her father had long ago lain down to rest.

Not that Sylvan did not mourn her death. He was now in his third year at Cambridge, and much in the shaping, the caliber of his mind resembled her own. He was profoundly religious, and at one time had thought of taking orders. Then he had been visited by a sense of unworthiness-a doubt of his capacity to play any save the meanest part in that throng of humanitarian churchmen whose creeds he honored, vet whose intellects he might never equal. More than that, his health was omewhat frail; he had inherited his father's delicate constitution; the wear and tear of such an ecclesiastic life as the one he should struggle to live would easily main his powers. Two or three years before she died his mother perceived this, and her negative counsels formed his final reasons for not entering the church. On the other hand, she had fed in him an inclination for legal pursuits, and now that she was dead he brooded upon her advice. He would by eminently "polite" profession; one could attempted to solve, except in the crudmore than twenty minutes at the most. Help this awful load here on my lungs, practice it thriftily without either oratory or any other sort of 3otitude. To be a light in it was another matter, but to be prosperous in it was another still. Poor Sylvan did not perceive the the government disposes of its own land full sarcasm of his changing from a on equitable principles, contemplating would-be clergyman to a would-be barrister. But one day, not far from the time at which he quitted Cambridge with decent honors, an American fellow-collegian who was taking his degree in the same year made him a very eordial proposition. This young gentleman was named John Wilks Rathbone 3d., and not the least sign of character land in Nebraska. A syndicate of and personality which he possessed was | northern capitalists owns a tract of a marked fondness for Sylvan. He liked to record himself as the grandson | and twenty-five miles in breadth, or 1,of Judge John Wilks Rathbone, now on | 500,000 acres of land-an empire in itthe verge of seventy and still shining in New York as that unhappily too rare | months ago this tendency in America personage, one of our judges whose re- to follow old world customs in monoppute no fleck of soilure has touched. Sylvan's friend was an amiable youth, with slender mental endowments and a love for his native land which English association could not annul. "I'm an American and I'm proud of it," was a phrase nearly as often on his lips as the Morris Cambridge by his renowned New York grandsire, and perhaps an important factor of his fondness for Sylvan was the semi-American parentage of Egbert state of things prevails. In view of Maynard's son. Incessant association | these facts it is small wonder that the with English people had never altered his American accent, and at the time of land have found hearers and advocates. his departure from Cambridge he just planted his foot, several years past, on British soil. He was the acute opmodish felicity that might have found |

persistently of transatlantic birth. "Come along with me to New York," he kept persuading Sylvan, "and study for three years to be a lawyer at the Columbia College Law-School. You say you haven't got any relations in America except cousins ever so far removed? All right if you haven't. Grandfather 'll give you a start, I know. Grandfather 'll do any thing I want him to, now that I've humored his whim that I should go through Cambridge. Besides, your father was an American, and you ought to go back there and live. Oh, it's a magnificent country, Sylvan, and there a man's a man, I can tell you. He doesn't have to take off his hat and truckle and grovel to every lord he meets.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Working Into the Spring. Housewife-Will you clean off this snow for a quarter?

Boy-Yes'm. Housewife - Well, after you have cleaned off the front walk and steps I shall want you to make a nice path down to the well and through the orchard, clean off the cellar doors and then bring up some water from the

you'll want to have your grass cut?-N. Y. Sun.

Not So Certain Even in This. Blenkinsopp (determinedly)-No, sir! I'll never smoke again. Rambo-In this world, I presume Ah, if you could only be as certain of

the next.-West Shore. A Hard Man. "Sullivan has an iron constitution." "I don't know about that; but a man

he hit once told me he has a granite

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT. CHICAGO HERALD LOOKING TO-

WARD THE SINGLE TAX. That we are making progress in Chiago is shown, I think, by the tone of he daily press, which was only a year or two ago so hostile that no good word ver found its way into the editorial columns of any of the papers. To-day it is strikingly different. We are not only treated with consideration, but in some notable instances with positive favor-the Herald and the Times, the great democratic journals of the northwest, being particularly and almost conspicuously friendly to the tax reform movement. The columns of the Times fairly bristle with our fundamental arguments, and those of the Herald are a delight to every single taxer, although that paper has yet to declare its adhesion to our doctrine. But it has repeatedly avowed its belief in absolute free trade; and on Sunday last, in an editorial on Herbert Spencer's cowardly retraction of his famous chapter on "The Right to the Use of the Earth," it very plainly indicates its position on the land question. It sharply joins issue with the English philosopher on his most recent deliverance touching land ownership, and utterly repudiates his doctrine that to change the present inequitable system of land ownership for one more in accordance with the principles of justice, would work more harm than now results from the monopoly of the soil. While rejecting his notion that a hoary injustice can ever be right, it expresses the hope that Mr. Spencer may yet come to "devote his brilliant powers as a social analyst to the real difficulties and diseases of the body politic." What these are it rather broadly indicates in the following:

"That the land belongs temporarily to the people of the world now living on it is a fact that it does not take a philosopher to discover. Mankind is rich in land in the aggregate. The question is as to the particular man, what rights, if any, has he to a sufficient portion of the soil to support himself and those dependent upon him? The people of Great Britain in the aggregate may be said to own the land in England, Scotland and Ireland, but it is also a fact that a minority of that aggregate claim to own it, and in reality have titles to it. Philosophy bears most fruit when directed toward the principles of justice by which the irregularities and inequalities of human action and conduct may be corrected, and is least valuable when employed in apologizing for 'the inequitable doings which have gone on during past thousands of years. That a man has a right to the products of his legitimate toil to the extent of providing for himself and family may be accepted as true without carrying with it the right to the enormous unearned increment, which is the product of a highly organized state of society. Yet how to draw the line, and where to draw it, in these est way. The correction of these inequalities and injustices is a proper subject of thought for the philosopher and statesman. In the United States actual ownership and cultivation of the soil, yet, the title once vested in the individual, there is nothing to prevent the man of millions from becoming the owner of as many square miles of land as he can pay for. Thus, for instance, Mr. John W. Bookwalter, the Ohio millionaire, owns a tract of 60,000 acres of land in Louisiana, 100 miles in length self. The Herald pointed out some olizing the land. When, as John Morley has asserted, 45 per cent, of the inhabitants of England who reach the age of 60 years become paupers it is not very encouraging to be told by Mr. Spencer that on the whole the present state of things in regard to landownership is the most satisfactory. In Ire-Henry, at Kylemore, have vast estates, one of 40,000 acres in extent, the other 17,000 acres. In Scotland the same advocates for the nationalization of Yet this is the extreme remedy and spoke, as the phrase has it, no less overlaps itself. Individual ownership "through his nose" than when he had of land has been found to be most equitable and satisfactory. What is needed is legislation that will make it, if not posite of the Yankee Anglomaniac, and | impossible, at least highly unprofitable though he let Poole attire him with a for any one man or corporation to own vast tracts of land. To further public favor at Sandringham itself, there was sentiment in this direction by influence a keen cut of his thin face and a lax ing thinkers is a work far more worthy abandonment in his lank figure that told of Mr. Spencer's powers than counseling the hopeless acceptation of our present system with all its inequalities and injustices."

As a sign of the times it seems to me that such a deliverance is in the highest degree encouraging. No single tax man will mistake the Herald's meaning. -Warren Worth Bailey, in N. Y. Stand-

A Single Tax Man of 1848.

How true is the old saying that "There is nothing new under the sun!" The following letter from Edward Burgess, published in the Portland (Ma.) Pleasure Boat of June 10, 1848, is a clear and admirable statement of the reasons for the single tax from the fiscal side. Mr. Burgess wrote as fol-I want now to say a few words on the

best means of raising "revenue" or taxes so as to prevent land monopoly. tions, is the work of education-the I know not what are your views on the subject, but should like to have you inquire whether raising all the taxes off the land in proportion to its market value would not produce the greatest good to mankind with the least evil of any means of raising revenue. Taxing whom he comes in contact. personal property has a tendency to limit its use by increasing its price, and the consequent difficulty of obtaining instead of decreasing, the political it, whether in the form of a duty to the power of wealth we see when mill government or a profit by the maker or owners and mine operators vote their This puzzled me, and while the situaseller. The higher the duty demanded hands. The freedom to earn, without tion was becoming embarrassing she exby the government, the more capital fear or favor, a comfortable living, plained that she did not know the name will be required to prepare the article ought to go with the freedom to vote. by which he had always been called, for the purchaser, and as the govern- Thus alone can a sound basis for repub- but she was unable to tell me whether ment duty has diminished the sale, a lican institutions be secured. larger profit on a smaller sale will be required to remunerate the capitalist for investment, hence the consumer has nothing real and lasting until we seto pay a sort of treble tax; the govern- cure to all the first of those equal and ment tax, the extra capital tax and the unalienable rights with which, as our tax consequent on diminished sale. Ap- Deciaration of Independence has it, ply this rule to any taxed article you man is endowed by his Creator—the choose-cloths, coal, tea, coffee, lace, equal and unalienable right to the use silks, knives etc., etc. Now the dimin- and benefit of natural opportunities

ished use throws the workman out of employment, overstocks the labor market, lowers wages, causes pauperism and the vices consequent, or indolence, or the want of healthy excitement. We must do something bad or good; then let us give every encouragement to do-

ing good. Let us now consider the consequence of laying all the taxes on land. The landholder would then have so much less interest in keeping the land by the extra amount of taxes levied on it. To make it equally profitable, it must be better cultivated, and if they can not or will not do it themselves, it will be their interest to sell it, or hire the cultivation to be done. This will give employment and food, instead of diminishing them, as in the taxing of personal property. Look at the dreadful condition of France at the present moment. Thousands of her heroic sons digging up stones in one part of the streets and removing them to another, just to keep the people from anarchy! Will this give permanent and profitable employment to the unemployed? Is this the way to lighten the burden of taxation and make it easy for the taxpayer? Who can foresee the poverty, the bankruptcy, the misery, the crime, that must follow the continuance of such a course? The workmen now look to government for employment and wages. How can the wages be continued without the land being made productive? How can the land be made productive without the requisite labor? Then why not make it the interest of landholders to have the land cultivated by laying all the taxes on the land, and thus throw the speculation in personal property? What care we how much personal property any one has, if we have the use of the land to make the same for ourselves? If the legitimate landholders are wise, they will see to this before the workmen assert their claim to the soil, and enforce it by arms.

Ought taxes to be raised in such a way as to encourage industry? Now, f two persons own equal quantities of land, say eighty acres each, one puts a thousand dollars worth of improvement on his land, the other one hundred dollars, the improvements are taxed according to their value; consequently the one who has made a thousand dollars improvement has ten times the taxes to pay for industry that the other has to pay for his indolence. Does not the industrious man pay off the idle man's taxes? As they each occupy an equally valuable portion of land, why should they not contribute equally for its use, to defray the necessary expenses of government?

Let us look at the economy. One valuation, less difficult than valuing what personal property you can find, would suffice. No one would be interested in denying what belonged to him. We have now several valuations for different taxes; I think three, with as many different sets of officers to pay, which is inquisitorial and vexatious, Now, as to the moral results. The getting rid of paying a tax by smuggling We are to fight a duel for you. But or false swearing seems almost considered smart, which lessens respect for wounded?" Penelope - "No, indeed. all law and honesty. Three of our prin- I'll marry the one who is wounded, cipal merchants swore off their per- though, if he is wounded mortally."sonal tax last year, others have to pay N. Y. Herald. their tax, which encourages them to do the same, till the habits of all become ley," I said as I took the three-year-old more corrupt. One of the three mer- up on my knee. "Where's your mothchants got up a petition this year to al- er?" "Up-stairs in her room." "What low the merchants to swear off what is she doing?" "Frizzing and kinking goods they owed for, so that while the up her hair." "And where's the girl?" owner of a house must pay his tar, "Which one-Dinah?" "Yes." though he owes the full amount of t, she's up-stairs in her own room." the merchant may evade the tax ly

swearing he owes for his goods. us with your views on this subject | phia Press. Right or wrong, I am anxious to know

it.-Edwin Burgess. We are so accustomed to poverty that even in the most advanced countries we regard it as the natural lot of the great masses of the people; that we in our highest civilization large classes should want the necessaries of healthful life, and the vast majority should only get a poor and pinched living by the hardest toil. There are professors of political economy who teach that Republic, this condition of things is the result of social laws of which it is idle to complain! There are ministers of religion who preach that this is the condition which an all-wise, all-powerful Creator intended for His children! If an architect were to build a theater so that not one-tenth of the audience could see and hear, we would call him a bungler and a botch. If a man were to give a feast and provide so little food that nine-tenths of his guests must go away hungry, we would call him a fool, or worse. Yet so accustomed are we to poverty, that even the preachers of what passes for Christianity tell us that the great Architect of the Universe, to whose infinite skill all nature testifies, has made such a botch job of this world that the vast majority of the human creatures whom he has called into it are condemned by the conditions he has imposed to want, suffering and brutalizing toil that gives no opportunity for the development of mental powers-

to merely live! SOCIAL reform is not to be secured by noise and shouting: by complaints and denunciation; by the formation of paries, or the making of revolutions, but | you done?" by the awakening of thought and the progress of ideas. Until there be cor- mann, with undaunted equanimity. rect thought, there can not be right action; and when there is correct thought, right action will follow. Power is always in the hands of the masses of men. What oppresses the masses is the art he continued: their own ignorance, their own shortsighted selfishness.

must pass their lives in a hard struggle

THE great work of the present for every man, and every organization of men, who would improve social condipropagation of ideas. It is only as it aids this that anything else can avail. And in this work every one who can think may aid-first by forming clear ideas himself, and then by endeavoring to arouse the thought of those with

THAT universal suffrage may add to

Do what we may, we can accomplish

PITH AND POINT

-However great some men's abilities are, their liabilities are always greater.

-A friend in need is a friend who generally strikes you for a quarter .-

Texas Siftings. -The spring of several years ago is usually the one referred to in connec-

tion with "spring chicken." -It is the chickens counted before they are hatched that always come home to roost.—Galveston News.

-A young man sometimes speaks of his finances when really he hasn't a single one of them.-Galveston News. -It is pastime when one misses the

train, although it may be difficult to

determine where the fun comes in .-Lowell Courier. -Properly speaking, it is in the fall of the year that good resolutions should be made, as it is then that the leaves begin to turn.—Baltimore American.

-On the gravestone of a western woman who died recently has appeared her picture. If it is like the general run of epitaphs it must flatter her .-Boston News. -First Boy-"Did you get squeezed

in the crowd at the navy drill yesterday?" Second Boy-"No, but I got caught in the jam at home, and that was worse."-N. Y. Press. -Out of Town.-Biggs-"Well, Har-

ris, how're your folks in the country?" Harris-"O, they're all right-they've sent for a donkey." Biggs-"Are you going?"-Brooklyn Eagle. -"I never could understand why people think so much of the dog's in-

stinct in attaching himself to man," m uttered the tramp as he flashed down the road.-Baltimore American. -A Narrow Escape.-"Charlie was nearly drowned in the surf this morn-

"How? Undertow?" "No. He got his ears full of sand and they pulled his head under."-Jonahville -A Question of Altitude.-Giggles-"I call a pearl necklace high art in per-

sonal adornment." Goggles - "Then I suppose a diamond tiara is higher art personal adornment."-Jeweler's Weekly. -Vice Versa.-"Kuldy, old boy, do

you dictate much to your pretty typewriter nowadays?" "Dictate to her? That little red-headed thing over there? No, sir! She dictates to me."-Washington Post. -Heavy Tragedian (to manager of

barn-storming combination)-"And is

this miserable pittance all I'm to get to sustain life?" "Oh no. From time to time you may keep the fruit and eggs that will be thrown at you." -Judging from the close proximity of the faces of a pair of lovers in an out-of-the-way corner of the hotel piaz-

za, one may believe that love, if not blind, is at least very nearsighted .-Boston Transcript. -Jack Dashing-"It's all settled.

-Improving Nature .- "Hello, Char-"Well, what is she doing?" "Oh, she's trying to get the kinks and frizzes out Please, as soon as convenient, obligt of her hair." And so we go .- Philadel-

-They were sitting very close together in Forest park, two young ladies out for an airing. The weather was evidently not the subject of their conversation, for one of them said: "He's just the dearest, nicest fellow in the world, and I do love him so." "Yes, take it as a matter of course that even Jennie, dear, but I understand he winks. I don't know whether I could trust a man who did that?" "Well, I don't know, dear. The only men I ever saw who didn't wink were either stone blind or stone dead."-St. Louis

HE WASN'T A BARBER.

How Prof. Buttman Performed a Tonsorial Operation Nevertheless. Prof. Buttmann was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main in 1784. He was a li-

brarian at Berlin in 1789 and there he wrote a Greek grammar. One morning, carrying a satchel of books, he passed through the Behrenstrasse hastily. Suddenly some one knocked at the window of a house. He

looked around and a stranger beckoned him to come. Buttmann hurried into the room and the stranger imperiously commanded him thus: "Quickly cut my hair! Hurry, I haven't a minute's time."

"But, sir-" "Never mind; make no long speeches.

have no time.' Buttmann then took out a pair of scissors and merrily began to work

around the hair of his victim. Soon the work was completed to his satisfaction, but the shaved man was horrified to see his disgraceful image in a "Sir, why in the deuce have you

spoiled me in this way? What have "I have cut your hair," replied Butt-

"The deuce you did! Cut hair! Where did you learn how?" After the pretended hairdresser had

assured him that he had never learned "How dare you shave me, then? Sir,

who are you? "I am Prof. Buttmann, and as I have no more time to waste, allow me to withdraw."

He left the man stupefied.-German. Couldn't Spell Her Boy's Name.

"I had occasion," said an acquaintance, "to write a letter to a young man on behalf of his mother. Not that she can not write herself, but it was one of those occasions where a letter from an outsider was considered the better course. The mother of the boy was at my elbow. I asked her the name of her boy. She hesitated a moment and replied that she did not know. it was a contraction. I asked her to spell it. She hesitated again and then replied that she didn't know how it was spelled. It occurred to me as being one of the most singular little incidents that has come under my observation. One of the strange things about the incident is that the woman is one of more than ordinary intelligence.-Chicago

Tribune.